



THE REASON WHY.

BY MINERVA S. HANBY.

It was Saturday afternoon, an hour after the time when the Globe Publishing Company closed its doors. The senior and junior partners remained behind to discuss some office changes—changes which were to go into effect the first of the year, now but two days distant. The business was to be extended, and it had always been a principle of the company that those already employed should be first in line for the new positions. An underclerkship was to be created, and the two boys under consideration for it were John Adams and Robert Mosler. John and Robert were both boys who had the appearance of success. Both were bright, both were anxious to rise, both eager to please and determined to be chosen for next place.

On this particular Saturday both boys had

been sent on missions which delayed them past the hour for the Sunday closing. Not a word of rumble was heard as the order was given them, and while waiting for their return Mr. Blake and Mr. Atwood were talking over the qualities of both boys.



John is certainly very faithful," said Mr. Blake. "He is always cheerful and good-natured; willing to stay over hours when he is requested, always willing to lend a hand at any work that must be done whether it belongs to his department or not."

"He is, indeed," responded Mr. Atwood; "but I have noticed that he goes on errands for the office, and that is a sign of a boy who is not to be trusted."

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case and helping the toddling Dorothy as well. When they reached the first landing they stopped to rest. Their eyes traveled to two young men who, mounting the first flight of steps, had swung around the corner of the second. In an instant one of the young men came back and, addressing Mrs. Blake, inquired: "Are you going up?"

"The reply was 'Yes,' her suit case was taken from her and Dorothy was swung on the broad shoulder of the questioner.

"How far?" was next asked. "All the way," replied Mrs. Blake.

Soon the three flights of stairs were below instead of above the trio. Dorothy's merry laugh rang through the deserted hallways, and in a short while Mrs. Blake reached the top landing. Here she found her maid sitting on the suit case, and the boy—vanished without even waiting for a word of thanks.

Mr. Blake was told the story of the boy who had lent a helping hand, or, to be more correct, the two helping hands. The incident passed out of all their minds in the excitement of reaching the depot.

Mrs. Blake called her husband's attention to the young man hurrying to the ferry, saying: "There's our kind friend, our Knight of the Staircase."

"Why, it's John Adams," said Mr. Blake. "Our office boy. I am glad to hear that John, for it means a good deal to us just now."

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TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK WITH SOLUTION OF CHAP. III

SOLUTION OF CHAPTER II

Granny lived some distance from the cottage, and the way to her home led through the wood. Red Riding Hood's mother did not think of there being any danger for her little daughter in sending her alone on such an errand. For years not a wolf had been seen near the place.

So she sent Red Riding Hood off with an easy mind, and the child walked along singing her favorite song, she felt so happy and delighted at the thought of seeing Granny once more.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother smiling. "Open it and see if you can tell where it comes from."

Phoebe tore open the envelope and drew out the valentine.

In the center was drawn the head of a little girl with yellow curls, big blue eyes and very pink cheeks. It looked as though the child who made it had drawn it from a doll.

Around the head in a circle were pasted blue forget-me-nots which had evidently been cut from an old seed catalogue. It was the biggest and most ambitious valentine Phoebe had ever received; below was written a little verse.

"Isn't it lovely?" she cried, delighted. "And see the poetry—not printed, but written with pen and ink, so some one really wrote it just for me! Let me read it to you."

"And this verse is an apology. For being forgiven, dear Phoebe, For all the fault was mine. We were not spoken for, we were not, it makes me wretched not to speak. For you're my valentine."

"What does that mean?" said Phoebe, looking at the valentine, laughing, as she finished reading. "Do you know who sent it, dear?" inquired her mother.

But Phoebe did not look surprised. "It's the best valentine I ever had," she said without answering.

A few minutes later when she and Peter left the dining room together she touched his arm and said softly: "Peter, I am very

knowing their nature, only that they were about the little girl, and that, of course, he was going to do exactly what he pleased. She adjusted all four of the parlor blinds and then seated herself to hear the talk to the end, whatever the end might be.

But the agitation of Mrs. Burdette before the talk was nothing to her agitation after it when she actually came out of the parlor walking in front of a man, so eager was she to get to Kathy to ask her please to help her. "He wants to carry them along with him," she said.

"Is he going to take his pick up at his house?" asked Kathy, pale to the lips.

Maud started to say, "I won't go," and Rosy's face assumed a decided air, but the ogre said pleasantly: "They'll do, Mrs. Burdette," and took a hand of each in such a masterful way that they could do nothing but start off with him, not even giving Kathy good-bye.

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"Oh," said Mrs. Burdette, turning to Kathy, "never talk to me of fairy tales; I've been listening to a bigger one than Jack and his bean, and every word of it true. Mind you, they belong to his family. That professor was his own brother and he's their own great uncle, and the mother who's coming to live with him is the identical party who carried the two of them to the asylum. Well, I certainly am glad he's made up his mind to be friends with his people."

"And that 'them two's his people," said Kathy, her eyes wide with excitement. "They were climbing the hill to their future home. On the morrow their aunt would be with them—a beautiful mamma they would find her, of course. Kathy had helped to do it. She felt proud and glad.

(The End.)

Who Sent the Valentine?

BY R. BAXTER.

"I hate brothers!" cried little Phoebe angrily, glaring over her cocoa cup with shining eyes and flushed cheeks at a boy of nine. The boy was pulling out his mother's chair for her and sullenly avoiding his sister's look.

Phoebe and Peter had quarreled seriously that morning. The children often quarreled, although they really loved each other very much. A month before Peter had sprained his ankle while skating and then Phoebe was the best little nurse that any sister could be, and when she went away to see her grandmother Peter could hardly wait for her return home.

Now, however, as they sat at luncheon they did not look as though they enjoyed being together. There was a pause. Phoebe turned away from Peter and said: "Mother when is St. Valentine's day this year?"

"It is always on the 14th; that will be next Monday, will it not?" answered her mother.

"Not Monday—and today is Wednesday! Oh, I do hope I will get a real valentine this year!" cried little Phoebe excitedly. "By real valentines I mean those that are made for me by some of the children who paint or write them all by themselves. Perhaps I will get a real one this year! Oh, I hope so!"

St. Valentine's day seemed to the children very slow in coming this year. The quarrel between Peter and Phoebe made the rest of the week miserable for them both. Neither would speak until the other had begged pardon, and both were too proud to admit being partly in fault.

When the day before St. Valentine's came Phoebe was quite tired of the quarrel, and Peter felt as if he could not bear it any longer.

"It was all my fault," he thought on his way upstairs after lunch. "If I could only show her that I am sorry without speaking—I know what I will do!" he exclaimed suddenly, and he ran up the stairs to his own room.

That evening from the nursery window Phoebe saw Peter run down to the mail box at the corner of the block.

At supper he looked quite cheerful, but said nothing as usual.

The next morning Phoebe went down to breakfast feeling very unhappy about the quarrel, but unable to make it up. "Since he will not ask my pardon when it was really his fault, why should I try to make it up?" We shall just go on quarreling and perhaps never speak to each other again for ever and ever!" thought the little girl. As she went into the dining room she was trying hard not to cry. But at her place she stood still and uttered a cry of delight.

There lay a big white envelope with rose-buds painted on it. "A valentine!" she cried, waving it so her father and mother could see.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother smiling. "Open it and see if you can tell where it comes from."

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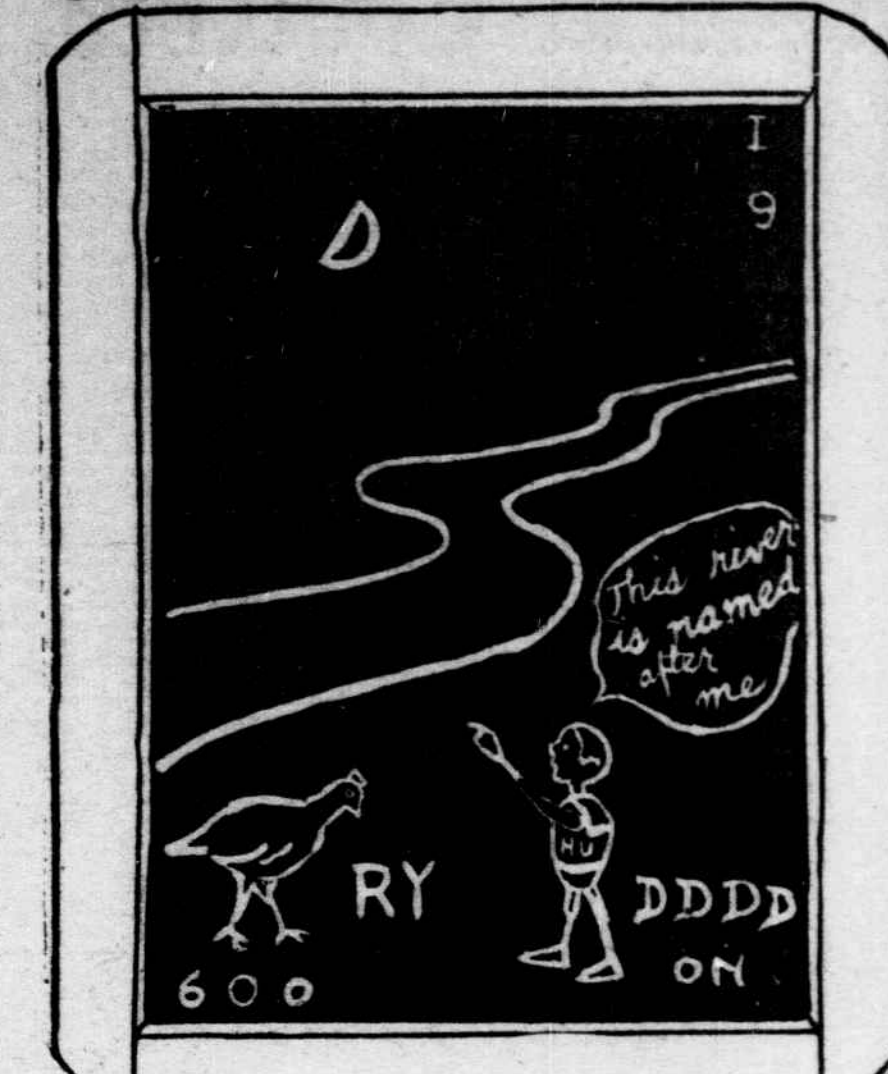
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JOHNNY'S SLATE.

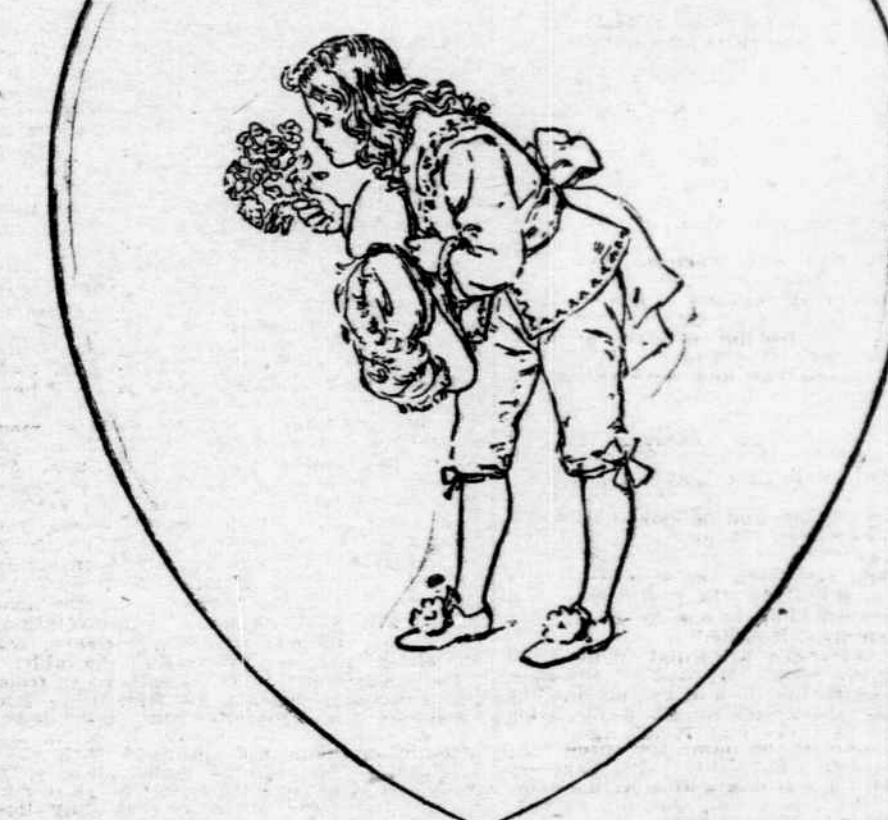


"Johnny Jones, what under the sun is that on your slate?" cried the children one day at the close of the lesson.

"Let us see it, Johnny," said teacher. John turned his slate so that all could see. "The picture represents," he said, solemnly, "the name of a famous explorer, the vessel he sailed in and the name and date of his wonderful discovery."

Teacher and the children puzzled over it for some time, and finally one bright boy cried out that he knew, then another and another. Can you guess?

EASILY MADE VALENTINES.



Cut out the heart-shaped piece roughly and paste it on some smooth cardboard. Then cut the card evenly on heart shape, color the picture and write or print on the back this little verse:

Take my heart, dear little lady, Round it let thy love entwine, Thou art sweeter than these roses; Let me be thy valentine.

sorry I was so silly and cross last week; you mustn't say it was your fault because it wasn't."

And so they kissed and made friends again; for Phoebe knew who sent the valentine.

St. Valentine's Day. A pretty way of celebrating St. Valentine's day still observed in some English villages is called Valentining. The children gather in a little band early in the morning and go from house to house singing some little chorus, like,

"Good morning to you, Valentine! Curl your locks as I do mine, For we were not spoken for, we were not, it makes me wretched not to speak. For you're my valentine!"

The youngsters receive with dancing glees the little gifts, pennies or candies, which were tossed to them from the window. Children of Norfolk "catch" their valentines by being first to say "Good morning, Valentine," to any person appearing. This must be done before the sun rises, or they are "sunburnt" and entitled to no reward.

A successful teacher has an amusing collection of the odd offerings made by her pupils, among which there is a choice assortment of valentines. She has encouraged the children to attempt simple verses, thinking this helped them in their composition work.

One boy writes: "My dear teacher, I won't whiss for ages if you give me one nice kiss."

It may be observed that his teacher had evidently neglected to pay the proper attention to spelling. Another child pleasantly varied the old rhyme:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue, That's one line, and this is two. I love you much, I love you more, That was three, and this is four."

More affection was shown in the offering of a small boy who wrote: "I love you more than other folks. More than twelve times twelfth more. The multiplication table doesn't go As far as I you adore."

The first person in America to make for sale fancy valentines was a young girl, Miss Esther Howland, who was graduated from Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1840. Esther had scarcely any suitable material with which to work, she fashioned some valentines that her parents and friends thought attractive, and she sent them to her father's valentines from fancy envelopes and pasted them on an ordinary piece of paper. This answered for lace work. She then added colored pictures from her father's valentines, scalloped the edges of the sheet, and one of her brothers who was an accomplished penman inscribed love verses.

Taking two or three dozen of these valentines as samples another brother went to Boston and New York to see if he could get orders for next season's trade. In a few weeks he had orders for several thousand dollars' worth of them. They kept Esther busy for the entire year.

Automatic Billiards. A gentleman writing from Germany says he saw an automatic billiard table which was a novelty to him. By dropping a small coin into a slot the balls were produced automatically from hidden pockets, and at the end of fifteen minutes they disappear. This arrangement does away with a waiter and assures the landlord a true account of the time spent in playing the game as well as the proper pay for it. The table is intended for use by young people, but its success is so great that soon such a device will be used wherever billiards is played.

JOHNNY'S SLATE. Riddle. I've something to do with a motion; I'm precious, although so very small; Yet nobody likes to be near me, They'd rather be doing at all.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. My first is in courage, but never is lover; My second is in cunning, but not in discovery; My third is in simple, but not in smile; My fourth is in fashion, but never in style; My fifth is in dainty, and also in kind; My whole is a boy whom, they say, quite blind.

DROP-VOYEL VALENTINE. S-a-g-a-s-g-f-i-n-i-a-m, my h-e-r-t-a-n-d-t-y-r-e-t-w-d-n-y-e-n-t-r-a-w-i-l-f-a-d-m-v-r-t-r-e.

OMITTED RHymes. All the omitted words rhyme with the first omitted word. Oh, do be - - - sweet valen - - - truly, truly, I am - - - shall - - - If you are - - - whom, they say, quite blind. And have no appetite to love.

WORD SQUARE. 1. To fall. 2. To wander in mind. 3. Above. 4. Saucy.